Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, and others.

Lew. Welcome *Q. Margaret* to the Court of *Fraunce*,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and here I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue ayde to repoſſeſſe thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vſurped ſeate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,
And pray the God of heauen, to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of *Fraunce*, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* chiefeſt friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy *Edward* King of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfaigned loue,
Firſt to do greetinges to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And laſtly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To *Englands* King in lawfull marriage.
Quien. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes hart:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaſt thy glorious image and thy Aertues.
Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere *Warwicke* or his wordes,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wronges.

War.